

**a love that was
more than love**

Arach

a love that was more than love by Arach

Category: IT (2017)

Genre: Aged-Up Character(s), Ambiguous/Open Ending, Angst and Hurt/Comfort, Boys In Love, Flashbacks, Fluff and Angst, Future Fic, Implied Suicide Attempt, M/M, Mentions of Suicidal Thoughts, Non-Linear Narrative, Post-Break Up, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD

Language: English

Characters: Audra Denbrough (mentioned), Bill Denbrough, Patricia Uris (mentioned), Pennywise (Mentioned), Stanley Uris, The Losers Club (Mentioned)

Relationships: Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier (mentioned)

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-10-11

Updated: 2017-10-11

Packaged: 2020-01-26 12:51:43

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,339

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

So they got through high school together until they drifted apart with tears in their eyes, peppering kisses onto each other's faces and into each other's hair for the last time.

Bill chased 1958,
Stan ran towards 1985.

a love that was more than love

Author's Note:

I wrote this to go along with an aesthetic I made, but I honestly love it so much that I wanted to fix it up for AO3! It's a big ol' mess of emotions so check out the [aesthetic](#) and enjoy the rollercoaster ride.

As always, happy reading!

Stan remembered the summer of 1958, he relived it every time night fell and the wind's whistling transformed into a haunting flute melody.

It was torture and the faint scars that only he and the other kids could see were the physical remnants of his almost death.

Not that it would've been bad.

He'd already felt like dying was the best option.

Until Beverly was officially living out of state and Bill, having gotten over his rose-tinted crush on her, was standing on his front porch.

And then Bill was in his room.

And then Bill was in his arms, his words falling out of his mouth like a man confessing all his sins.

Stan didn't interrupt, waiting for Bill's breathing to even out so he could spike up his heart rate again with a kiss.

In that moment, his prayers to get the summer that shouldn't have been out of his head were answered.

--

Bill didn't remember the monster that was Derry and its sewer clown. But he remembered how he had felt during the summer of 1958.

How he'd thought Bev was who his heart was yearning for when in actuality it was another curly haired "loser".

One that had methodically cleaned up blood without batting an eye, one that had gotten back up after being pushed to the brink.

One that made him feel as if his stuttering wasn't the end of the

world (a feat only Georgie had been able to achieve).

--

Stan had always known he loved Bill.

More than he loved the others.

He loved Bill in a UFO kind of way where he couldn't really explain it and most of the time he couldn't believe it.

(Bill deserved all the love in the world, Stan just didn't know if he deserved to be a part of that world).

Bill had always loved Stan.

He was just unaware of how much that love grew until he was itching to be near him;

A brush of a shoulder here, a hug lasting longer than usual there.

(Stan deserved to have been shown how much he was loved, Bill wished he had gotten that into his head sooner).

If there was one good thing to come from the summer of 1958, it was Stan & Bill.

But Stan couldn't escape the horrors of what they'd seen and Bill tried his best to be Stan's out.

He rocked Stan back into his comfort zone after a night terror.

He tried to convince Stan that maybe talking would ease some of the pain, but Bill still stuttered and couldn't quite get the words out unless Stan kissed them from his lips; taking them onto his own with a whispered:

"I can't, Bill. **IT** isn't real. I can't make **IT** real, not again."

So they got through high school together, not as loud and proud like Eddie & Richie (though that might just be on Richie's part; everyone knew he couldn't shut up about his boyfriend), but they didn't mind staying in their little slice of heaven.

Until they drifted apart with tears in their eyes, peppering kisses onto each other's faces and into each other's hair for the last time.

Bill chased 1958,
Stan ran towards 1985.

Bill loved Audra.

He wouldn't have married her if he didn't.

But it wasn't anything like the love he'd felt for Stan.

That feeling was still a mystery to him, but Stan had once described it like a bird migrating for the winter.

He'd said his heart was the bird and Bill was the warmth it craved after his own body became too cold.

But now Bill had an empty nest in his chest and it couldn't be occupied by anyone else.

Stan loved Patricia.

He couldn't have married her if he didn't.

But it was more platonically than anything.

He'd never been attracted to girls in the first place;

He'd never been attracted to anyone.

He'd already found the one for him, but ever since he let Bill Denbrough go, his heart's been caged with the key to it stuck across the ocean.

--

Bill's writing brought him success; more than he thought it would and Stan was extremely proud.

While following his career religiously hurt because it was proof that Bill was successfully moving on with his life, he was happier to see him achieve everything Stan knew he could.

--

He wrote him letters.

Patricia would tell him to mail them and he'd give her a strained smile.

"I'll send them in the morning."

Stan kept all the letters in a box underneath his bed; like he'd done when they were teenagers.

Because you couldn't exactly forget your first love or the guy you'd gone to prom with in your very small, conservative town.

There were milestones that he was glad he'd shared with Bill and doing something familiar,
something that made him think of home (not his childhood house but soft plaid shirts and a bike named silver),
was what kept him sane.

Because he was forever haunted by 1958

And while he had left Derry,

Derry never left him.

So when Mike Hanlon rang him up for the first time in 20 some years, he was suddenly 11 years old again

bloodied,

dirtied,

alone.

Stanley Uris took a bath that night.

--

Bill got a call from Patricia Uris and instead of going straight to Derry, he made his way to a hospital in Atlanta.

Stan was in a medically induced sleep when he'd arrived, wrapped up like a mummy but Bill thought he shone bright against the stark white walls and through the blur of his clear tears filling his vision as he stared at the love of his life. He would never deny that. They may have lost contact after graduation but memorabilia of their relationship sat in mint condition on the top shelf of his closet.

Every love letter, every polaroid, every flower or feather that Stan had given him and that he'd preserved.

Bill watched the rise and fall of Stan's chest.
And let himself get transported back in time.

--

He was 11 years old and standing in his best friend's bedroom, spilling everything he'd wanted to say into Stan's patient hands.

He was 13 years old and laying in the grass beside his boyfriend, paying more attention to the way Stan's face lit up whenever he asked about a bird flying by.

He was 15 years old and gripping the hand of his partner, waiting for some homophobe to break them apart because he'd left his bravery wrapped up in a ripped up yellow raincoat.

He was 17 years old and swaying along to the beat with his lover, pressing him closer so that it was obvious they were a couple because Stan wasn't leaving Derry High without letting everyone know that Bill was his and he was Bill's.

He was 38 years old and sitting beside his ex in a too clean for comfort hospital room, reading the letters Patricia had found.

Stan's handwriting was exactly as he remembered it, the little bird by his signature a constant.

Each one was like the weathered down letters he cherished like a national treasure, as if they hadn't spent years separated from each other.

Bill Denbrough sobbed for hours after setting the last letter down in his lap, stutter back full force as he hiccuped apologies and professions of love.

IT needed to die.

For Stan to wake up in a world where he would no longer feel the shadows of his past clinging to his back, Bill needed to go back to Derry and help his friends kill the bastard.

So he left the hospital the next morning.

But not before pressing lingering kisses to Stan's
right cheek,
forehead,
left cheek,
nose,
and mouth
(in that order because Stan appreciated the pattern of it).

"I-I'll come b-b-back for you. L-Like I should've y-years ago. I p-p-promise, Stan."

The unsaid *i love you* filled the empty space that Bill left.

And Stan's fingers twitched in response.